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VOL. 56.—No. 29.

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In addition to the foregoing there were repetitions of *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Lohengrin*. The current week is the "last of the season," and on this point Mr Gye invariably keeps to his word.—It began with a second performance of *Semiramide*, which attracted the most crowded audience of the season. More next week.

DORDRECHT.—The works performed at the recent festival included Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri*, Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, and Brahms's *Rhapsodie*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The regular season at this establishment came to an end on Saturday night with *Carmen*. This was the sixth representation of the late Georges Bizet's opera, which, considering that it increases in attraction with each successive performance, it is a pity not to have brought out earlier. There seems to be but one opinion as to its merit, its continual flow of tune, its spontaneity, and bright local colouring. The production of such a work, combined with so animated, dramatic, and altogether charming an impersonation of the impetuous, wayward, gipsy heroine as that of Miss Minnie Hauk, would alone have sufficed to make the somewhat brief season worth remembering. On Saturday an impression was created stronger than on any previous occasion, and the audience were more than ever warm in their frequent demonstrations of approval. The fact is that an opera effective in itself has seldom been more effectively put upon the stage. All is good in its way, alike from a musical as from a scenic point of view. There was a change on Saturday of considerable importance in the cast of the *dramatis persona*—a change, however, proving far less detrimental than might have been anticipated. Signor Campanini, who appeared for the last time on Monday and whose Don José had won and merited general acceptance, leaving next day for the Continent, his part was confided to Signor Runcio, who, in the circumstances, acquitted himself more than creditably. No doubt, Signor Runcio had been "under-studying" the character, and, from his manner of interpreting it, would seem to have taken Signor Campanini as a model. We may possibly be mistaken, but the fact would confer no shame whatever upon the young tenor, who both sang and acted with unmistakable earnestness, and was rewarded according to his deserts with encouraging applause. There was another *contretemps*, in the absence, through indisposition, of Mdle Alwina Valleria, which deprived us not only of Michaela, the good genius of the story, but of a duet (with Don José) and a solo air ("Io dico no") both really beautiful. In the *finale* to the first act, however, where the aid of the "good genius" is indispensable, the always ready, and, on that account, invaluable, Mdme Bauermeister (the Mercedes in other scenes of the opera) came on in the costume of Mdle Valleria, singing her share of the *finale* as though she had been singing it night after night. Her sudden and unexpected apparition evoked a hearty greeting. Signor Del Puente obtained the usual "encore" for the very characteristic air of Escamillo ("Toreador attento"), which he gave with his accustomed point and vigour. In fact, as we have hinted, all passed off well, notwithstanding the inevitable changes. Miss Minnie Hauk and the other chief singers were called after every act, and three times when the curtain descended upon the last. That *Carmen* has taken a firm stand among us in its Italian dress cannot be questioned.

The other performances during the week were *La Traviata*, with Mdme Etelka Gerster, *Fidelio*, with Mdle Pappenheim, *Il Talismano*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The chief characters in Mozart's incomparable lyric comedy, each of more or less consequence, were all entrusted to experienced hands. Mdle Carolina Salla, by her ladylike appearance and artistic singing, is precisely suited for the countess Almaviva, and Mdme Hélène Crosmond is a lively and intelligent Susanna. The Cherubino of Mdme Trebelli stands in no need of praise. The Count finds a worthy representative in Signor Del Puente, as does Figaro in Signor Galassi. M. Thierry is a quaint Dr Bartolo, Signor Rinaldini a capable Basilio, and Mdme Lablache a Marcelina giving significance to a personage seldom made in any way conspicuous. That the music to *Le Nozze* invariably meets in Sir Michael with a sympathetic spirit is notorious. Familiar as he is with all kinds of dramatic music, from Gluck to the present day, he never seems more absorbed in his task than while directing a performance of one of the operas of Mozart. The overture and the two great *finales* could have rarely gone off with more spirit—all concerned doing their best.—*Times*, July 15.

The series of "Farewell Performances," so-called, at lower prices and with no restrictions as to evening dress, began on Monday night with Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* (to Mdme Etelka Gerster being assigned the difficult part of Astrifiamante, in which she obtained such unanimous applause last year). This was followed in due succession by *Robert le Diable*, *Il Trovatore*, *Carmen*, and *Il Talismano*. *Fidelio* is announced for to-night. We shall return to the subject in our next.

A MUSIC FESTIVAL AT ERFURT.

(From a Correspondent of the "Guardian.")

In August, 1867, I had the pleasure of reporting in these columns a music festival given at Meiningen by the Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein (General German Musical Society), which was chiefly memorable for its being brought to a close at the Wartburg by the first performance of the Abbé Liszt's oratorio, *St Elizabeth*. This society, as was then stated, was founded by Liszt in 1861; its principal aim being to encourage the cultivation of musical art by the establishment of periodical festivals, at which facilities are offered for bringing forward new works by living composers, without altogether excluding the less familiar works of older masters. Since its establishment the society has grown in importance and enlarged its borders, having held festivals on different occasions in Leipsic, Weimar, Karlsruhe, Dessau, Meiningen, Altenburg, Magdeburg, Halle, Hanover, and, lastly, at Erfurt. The great gathering of musicians of which I have now to speak was the fifteenth that the society has held. It lasted from the 22nd to the 26th of June (inclusive). Pleasant recollections of the Meiningen festival in 1867, the promised co-operation of Liszt and von Bülow, the rich and instructive character of the programme put forth—so different from those of our own provincial festivals, as well as of those of Germany in general—combined to determine me to undertake the journey to Erfurt. Nor have I been disappointed. Erfurt, one of the oldest cities of Germany, with its fine old Gothic cathedral founded in 752, its eighteen churches, its antique buildings, its far-famed horticultural gardens, its historical association with Luther, who lived here as a monk (1505-12) in an Augustinian convent, which, with all its relics, Luther's Bible, &c., was burnt down in 1662, is well worth a visit for its own sake alone, but lying, as it does, well out of the beaten track of English tourists, seems not yet to have received the attention it deserves. It is just at such a place, where a festival is not a matter of regular occurrence, and, consequently, lodging-house and inn-keepers have not learnt to look upon their visitors at such a time as fair prey, that a music festival is most enjoyable. One has seen here the inhabitants in their normal condition; the orderly arrangements, the civility, attention, and hospitality offered to visitors, both by the members of the musical committee of management and by residents, could hardly have been exceeded. Both musically, and in point of the numbers attending, the festival may at once be pronounced a success. The scheme of six concerts included some fifty works, great and small, the majority of which must have been comparatively, if not absolutely, new to most of their hearers. That among so many new works each should prove a masterpiece was not to be expected, but it must be confessed that but too many seemed to have owed their selection to personal influence rather than to their intrinsic merit. Happily, however, the good predominated over the respectably mediocre. To speak of all would be tedious; I shall, therefore, restrict my remarks in the main to those which seemed to me the most worthy to be brought to a further hearing.

The festival opened on Saturday morning (June 22) with a performance of sacred music in the Barfüsser Church. It commenced with a prelude in B minor by W. H. Pachelbel, born at Erfurt in 1685, followed by J. S. Bach's Choralvorspiel, "Der Tag, der ist so freundenreich," both played by Herr B. Schick, organist of this church, who was to be pitied in that he has not at his command a less unwieldy and more grateful sounding organ. Organist after organist contended with its peculiarities, Herr A. Hänlein executing a concerto (Op. 22) by Niels W. Gade; Herr Degenhardt, a prelude and fugue (Op. 16) by Carl Piutti; Herr J. G. Zahn, a movement from a sonata (Op. 42) by G. Merkel; Herr Bernhardt Sulze, some variations of his own on a theme from Liszt's *Christus*; and Herr F. Billig, Bach's Passacaglia. Though the novelties among these organ works were for the most part more commendable as academical exercises than pleasing in effect, their production went far to prove that both organ playing and organ composition is still diligently cultivated in Germany. Fortunately the softer stops of the organ were of an agreeable quality and in good order, and its suitability for accompanying a violin or violoncello solo—a combination which has seldom come before us in England, and which probably owes its origin to the general absence of "Venetian swells" in German organs—was fully demonstrated in the performance by

Herr H. Petri, of the "air" from C. Goldmark's violin concerto, and in that by Herr Wiham, of the *andante* from J. S. Svendsen's violoncello concerto, both charming works, admirably rendered, and ably accompanied on the organ by Herr Franz Preitz. A vocal trio, "Die heilige Nacht," for female voices (Frl. Breidenstein, Frau Fischer, and Frl. Lancow), with accompaniment for violin (Herr Pauli), and organ (Herr Preitz), composed by E. Lassen, also proved charmingly effective. Even more commendable on account of its earnest and devotional character, and because it might easily and appropriately be adapted for use in the Anglican Church on occasions when boys' voices are not available, was a setting of the 84th Psalm, by Carl Müller-Hartung, for barytone solo, male quartet, and three-part male chorus. The solo was finely sung by Herr Ernst Hungar, of Berlin, and a pupil of Herr Stockhausen. Though young, he possesses an excellent voice and refined style; of all the singers I have heard here, but who, it must be conceded, have not found much opportunity for distinguishing themselves, I anticipate that he will make the greatest mark in the musical world. In addition, he was heard at this concert in two simple but beautiful songs, "Seelenfrieden," by A. Winterberger, and "Geheiligt werde Dein Name," by Peter Cornelius.

The first of the orchestral and choral concerts, of which there were three, took place in the theatre. The orchestra employed, numbering some sixty performers, comprised the members of the famous private band of His Royal Highness Prince Carl Günther, of Sondershausen, with some few additions, under the general direction of their own conductor, Herr Max Erdmannsdörfer, who had so thoroughly studied and rehearsed all the music in advance at Sondershausen, that on coming together at Erfurt there remained little to be done but to put the finishing touches to it. The orchestral performances throughout the week, I may at once say, were, thanks chiefly to Herr Erdmannsdörfer's perseverance and undeniable skill as a conductor, and the superior quality of the forces at his command, of a very high order indeed. Erfurt is evidently rich in its choralists. For the rendering of the choral works, two distinct choirs were employed, there not being space sufficient on the stage of the theatre to accommodate both at once. These were the choirs of the so-called "Soller's" society and of the "Sing-Akademie." The plan was a good one, for it had evidently given rise to a feeling of amicable rivalry on the part of both. This concert commenced in a loyal and festive manner with a performance of Wagner's "Kaiser-Marsch." On the choir rising to sing the national hymn, "Heil, Heil dem Kaiser," with which it closes, but which in London, to the detriment of its general effect, has always been left to the band, the whole house rose and remained standing till the end, and then gave three hearty cheers for the Emperor. Friedrich Kiel's *Te Deum* (Op. 46), for solo voices (Frl. Marie Beck, Frl. Schulze, the Herren Thieme and Hungar), chorus, and orchestra, immediately followed. With the exception of a *Requiem*, performed by the Cambridge University Musical Society in May last, and one or two concerted chamber pieces which have been brought forward by Mme Norman-Néruda and Mr. C. Hallé, little is known of this composer in England, though in Germany, especially as a master of counterpoint, his merit has long been widely recognized. That he has been brought up chiefly under the influence of Bach and Handel peeps out from his setting of the *Te Deum*, the somewhat old-fashioned cut of which seems, however, to accord well with the antique character of the Ambrosian Hymn of Praise, which, as the programme-book took care to remind us, dates from the year 380. Kiel has treated it in so sober, earnest, and vigorous a manner that its adoption for use in church on special occasions, and at our cathedral festivals, may safely be recommended, though on the other hand, as may also be said of his *Requiem*, the absence of set solos will probably stand in the way of its being taken up by speculative concert-givers. At the close of the *Te Deum*, the members of the choir, who till now had been sitting in front of the band, left the stage, and took their places among the audience, so as not to interfere with the performance of the three instrumental works which immediately followed. These were the orchestral prelude to Brachvogel's drama *Narciss*, by M. Erdmannsdörfer (Op. 17), Raff's violoncello concerto, in D minor, and a new symphony in G major (Op. 12), by Felix Dräseke. With Brachvogel's drama I am unacquainted, but I have been given to understand that it is

philosophical in its tendencies, and treats of the remorse and madness of a man who, by his own misconduct, loses the affection of a wife whom he had once loved. Such a subject hardly suggests music of a pleasant order. Perhaps it was on this account that it certainly did not make a very favourable impression, though in its technical aspect it bespeaks the ready hand of a well-practised, independent, but perhaps somewhat over noisy composer. By his violoncello concerto, the performance of which was a splendid display of virtuosity on the part of Herr Friedrich Grützmacher, Raff seems to have satisfactorily solved the difficult task of equally dividing the interest between the solo instrument and the orchestral accompaniment, without detriment to one or the other. The symphony by Felix Dräseke, which has only recently been published (by Kahnt, of Leipsic), and I believe was now performed in public for the first time, proved a genuine success. Orthodox in form, both material and treatment are strongly marked with its author's individuality. The second movement, a *scherzo* in dual time, is of so piquant a character that it alone would make the fortune of a far inferior work. It is just such a symphony as Mr Manns might safely bring before his audience. Its vigorous, earnest, and taking character would be certain to please, and though pleasantly exciting, it is not a work of so sensational a kind as to run counter to the general character of his existent repertory. Loud calls for the composer accompanied the plaudits which it deservedly evoked. The choir ("Soller's") now returned to their seats on the stage for the concluding piece of the evening—Liszt's setting of the 13th Psalm, "Usque quo, Domine?" for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra. As treated by Liszt, this splendid composition may not inaptly, perhaps, be designated as a symphonic poem or a tone-picture with words, for in a highly dramatic manner it brings before us the Psalmist-King at the head of his people, importunately praying to God, and at last giving expression to their faith in a hymn of praise. Dramatic as is the music which Liszt has furnished, it is at the same time intensely devotional. The tenor solo was finely declaimed by Dr Gunz, but the performance often dragged, apparently from being in the hands of a conductor, Herr Golde, whose beat was neither so decisive nor so familiar to the members of the band as that of Herr Erdmannsdörfer, but whose skill as a choirmaster, be it said to his credit, was made fully apparent by the excellent singing of the choir. At the conclusion of the performance loud were the calls for Liszt, who came forward and bowed from the box in which he was sitting.

The third concert, which took place on Sunday evening, was again orchestral and choral. A symphonic poem for orchestra, by Camillo Saint-Saëns, entitled *Phaëton*, headed the programme. The following is a translation of the programme-notice of its poetical contents:—

"At break of day Helios, the sun-god, arises in the east from the bosom of the ocean, and with his team of fire-breathing steeds drives his glowing sun-chariot up to the vault of heaven. At evening the Titan descends again in the west into the ocean, and during the night sails back round the earth in a golden boat to the east, where he has a splendid palace. Phaëton, the son of Helios and Klymene, while still a youth, came there to his father and begged that for one day he might be allowed to drive the sun-chariot. His hands not being strong enough to hold in the fiery steeds, he strayed so far from his proper course that he set both heaven and earth on fire. Zeus in his anger struck him with lightning, that he might not bring destruction to the universe. His sisters, the Heliades, bemoaned him, and were turned into alders and poplars. From their tears amber received its origin."

For several years past M. Saint-Saëns has been a regular visitor to London, but till quite recently has only found an asylum at the *matinées* of Professor Ella, so slow are we in England to recognise merit in a composer until he has established a reputation abroad. This Saint-Saëns has done, both in France and Germany. As a prolific composer, both in the classical and the romantic style, he has shown extreme versatility. It is in the latter, however, that he seems most in his element. This was fully instanced by his *Phaëton*, a work aptly illustrating the legend upon which it is based, without being unduly eccentric, though strikingly original as regards the matter of its contents, treatment, and orchestration. It seemed to be highly appreciated, and was warmly applauded by an extremely critical audience. A Romanze, for violin and orchestra, by Max Bruch, a composer who seems to entertain a regard for violinists which is certainly reciprocal, served to display

the virtuosity of Herr Petri, the leading violinist of the Sondershausen orchestra. A couple of orchestral characteristic pieces by von Bülow, entitled *Notturmo* and *Allegro risoluto*, followed. Though hardly to be classed among the most important of his compositions, they proved well worth making acquaintance with. The *Notturmo*, somewhat sombre in tone and free from sentimentality, has more the character of a midnight *rêverie* than of a love-song. It abounds in graceful thoughts and deft orchestral touches. The *Allegro*, originally composed as an *intermezzo* occurring in his incidental music to *Julius Caesar*, by its vigorous character happily contrasted with the *Notturmo*, and displayed its composer in quite a different mood. Enthusiasm reached its height at this concert on the close of the performance of Liszt's *Ungarische Phantasie*, for pianoforte and orchestra, by Frau Pauline Erdmannsdörfer-Fichtner, a pupil of Liszt's, possessed of an almost masculine touch, and whose veins apparently flow with the warmest gipsy blood. On being several times recalled, she was forced to return to the piano and repeat the last section. Now there were calls for Liszt, who descended from his box and graciously led her forward again. The choral work with which this concert concluded was Raff's setting of the 130th Psalm, "De profundis," for soprano solo (Frl. Breidenstein), eight part chorus, and orchestra (Op. 141), performed by the Erfurt Sing-Akademie, under the direction of Herr Mertel. Greatly as I admire most of Raff's instrumental works, I must confess to disappointment in now for the first time making acquaintance with him as a vocal composer, chiefly on the grounds that in this work, which is as prolix as its author is prolific, there seems to be an entire absence of connection between text and music. True, it contains some splendid eight-part writing, both in the strict and free style, and a most exciting eight-part fugue, which, nevertheless, appears as an anti-climax, and, instead of coming to a proper close, leads into an "Amen" chorus of a totally different character, with which it has no relationship.

On Monday, the 24th, both concerts were devoted exclusively to chamber music—a commendable plan, as, except for a morning rehearsal, it gave the members of the orchestra a day's rest. The concerted works brought forward at the first comprised Brahms' string quartett in B flat (Op. 67), of which I need not say a word, as it has been made sufficiently familiar at the Monday Popular Concerts; a suite (No. 2, in F major, Op. 27) for violin (E. Rappoldi) and pianoforte (C. Hess), by Franz Ries, which is fairly to be recommended to violinists as a grateful and attractive work, somewhat Schumannesque in spirit; and a quintet for pianoforte (C. Hess) and strings (Herren Rappoldi, Feigler, F. Ries, and F. Grützmacher), by G. Sgambati, which, apart from its being the work of an Italian replete with German feeling and scholarship, proved worthy all praise. The vocal music comprised two trios by E. Sachs, for female voices, and four songs by O. Lessmann, simple and charming enough, and charmingly rendered by Frau Mina Sciubro, from Naples. A number of songs by R. von Keudell (the German ambassador at Rome), A. Jensen, P. Cornelius, and J. Kniese were introduced by Herr Hungar and Frau L. Fischer at the evening concert. The instrumental concerted works included a trio, in A minor, for pianoforte (Frau Erdmannsdörfer-Fichtner) and strings (Herren Petri and Wiham), by Max Erdmannsdörfer, which, especially as regards the two middle movements, impressed me more favourably than the same composer's orchestral prelude already alluded to, and provided Frau Erdmannsdörfer, unquestionably a pianist of the first class, with an opportunity of displaying her remarkable acquirements, which she turned to the best advantage; some capital variations (Op. 39) by F. Willner, on a theme by Schubert, for pianoforte (C. Hess) and violoncello (F. Grützmacher); and a trio in G minor, by Hans von Bronsart, for pianoforte (Dr Hans von Bülow), violin (Herr Kömpel), and violoncello (Herr Leopold Grützmacher). With the last-named work and its performance the interest of the evening culminated. Fortunately, I was already familiar with it, having studied the score, which has recently been published, and having twice heard it played at home both by Mrs Beesley and Dr von Bülow. I have therefore the less hesitation in pronouncing it fully worthy to take its stand by the side of any modern trio with which I am acquainted. Indeed, among the post-Beethoven productions in this class I do not know its superior. That this seemed also to be the general feeling of the audience—a very critical one—was apparent from the enthusiasm it evoked, doubtless intended as

much for the work itself as for the perfect manner in which it was rendered. On the second movement (*vivace*) being loudly applauded, Dr von Bülow rose from his seat and pointed to the composer, who is noted for his modesty and retiring manners, and was sitting in a corner; and at the close of the performance, on the applause being renewed, with the addition of calls for von Bronsart, it was not till von Bülow had drawn him forth from his hiding-place behind the stove and led him forward that he responded to the well-deserved recognition of his merits.

If the three new works which headed the programme of the concluding orchestral concert had never been written, the world would be none the poorer. I may, therefore, pass them over in silence. Von Bronsart and Bülow were now again to the fore, this time in company with Liszt, who conducted the performance of Bronsart's concerto in F sharp minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, Bülow executing the pianoforte part with astonishing effect in his own inimitable manner. The scene of the previous evening was repeated; and the remarks I have made in respect to Bronsart's trio might be applied with almost equal force to his concerto. Two orchestral works by Liszt, separated by an old English ballad, pretentiously treated by Herr R. Metzendorff, completed the scheme. These were the "Two Episodes" from Lenau's *Faust* and the symphonic poem *Hungaria*, both noble and strikingly effective works. The episodes from Lenau's poem, which Liszt has translated into music with astonishing fidelity and success, are entitled *Der nächtliche Zug* ("The Midnight Procession") and *Der Tanz in der Dorfschenke* ("The Dance in the Village Inn") or *Mephisto-Walzer*. The first, somewhat sombre in its general character, in the course of which the chorale, "Pange lingua gloriosi," is introduced in an exquisitely beautiful manner, treats of Faust's feelings, and of the tears of remorse he sheds on listening to the hymn sung by a band of pilgrims on the Eve of St John. The second, in sharp contrast to the first, is a dance of the wildest possible description. Its performance, under the direction of Herr Erdmannsdörfer, was a rare feat of virtuosity on the part of the orchestra. Liszt was, of course, called for, and, on his appearing on the stage, was presented with bouquets and garlands, and with his consent the wild dance was repeated. As a farewell performance, Liszt came forward, and himself conducted his *Hungaria*. Contrary to his wont, he has omitted to preface his score with a note explanatory of its poetical intent, nor is one needed;—its title being all suggestive. Think only of a boundless, gloomy heath in Hungary as the scene of action, peasants, gipsies with their melancholy poetical music, Magyars with their love of war and independence, as the *dramatis personæ*, discontent, strife, united action against a common enemy, victory and freedom won, and it is easy to fill in the details of the story, if a story there must be. Story or no story, as music pure and simple *Hungaria* is strikingly impressive. So far as concerned Erfurt, it served to bring the doings of the week to a termination in a most imposing manner.

In addition to the concerts, several meetings were held, at which papers on musical subjects by Herr A. Hahn, Dr Alsleben, Rector Krause, and Dr Langhans were read and discussed. At the last it was resolved to petition the Government for additional aid towards the provision of musical instruction both in the elementary and high schools. On the afternoon of the 26th there was a general exodus, many going to Weimar to attend a concert given by the pupils of the Orchestral School, instituted by the Grand Duke of Weimar, who gave ample evidence of the soundness of the instruction imparted to them under the direction of Professor C. Müller-Hartung, who in the evening conducted a performance of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust* in the theatre, by command of the Grand Duke, a munificent patron of art and of the General German Musical Society in particular, to which the members were freely invited.

C. A. B.

Erfurt, June 27, 1878.

HANOVER.—August Lindner, for forty-one years one of the leading members of the orchestra at the Theatre Royal, has just died aged fifty-eight. A pupil of Schneider for composition and of Dreschler's for the violoncello, he enjoyed a wide reputation. Owing to failing health, he did not play much of late in public. Some years ago the Emperor of Germany conferred on him the title of *Concertmeister*.

ILMA DI MURSKA AND BRIGNOLI.

The *Cincinnati Daily Enquirer* of June 29 gives the following account of a concert given by our old friend, Ilma di Murska:—

"The Di Murska concert at the Music Hall last night again drew out a large attendance—the audience numbering at least 1,000 persons. It was another evidence that Cincinnati people will always make it profitable to managers to give the best of music at popular prices. Brignoli and Di Murska were especially well received last night. In the first part Brignoli sang 'Romanza,' from *Faust*, and was rapturously encored. In response he gave 'Dormi pur,' a *serenata*. In the second part his song, 'Love once again,' was also encored, and he sang 'Good-bye, sweetheart,' in a manner to captivate the audience. Mlle di Murska was encored enthusiastically in both parts. The 'Shadow Song,' from *Dinorah*, was so enthusiastically received that the charming songstress was forced to respond, and gave 'Gute nacht du mein herziges Kind,' and in the second part she rendered the 'Last Rose of Summer' in answer to a re-call after 'Una voce poco fa.' Mr John Hill also received an encore on account of his rendering of the 'Prayer of Moses,' and played a 'Grande Valse.' Makin's 'Warrior Bold' won him a deserved encore, and he responded with 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep.'"

All enthusiasm, captivation, rapture, &c. We are glad to find our cousins of Cincinnati so alive to the impressions which good music rendered should never fail to make.

THE SEA.*

Shimmering, dancing,
Quivering, glancing,
On rolleth the dark blue wave,
O'er the aged and sad,
O'er the young and glad,
O'er the gentle and the brave,
Who now lie at rest
Upon Death's cold breast
In their unseen, unmark'd grave.

For the loved and fair,
Who are slum'ring there,
What careth the haughty sea,
As he bounds along,
With a ceaseless song,
In his might and majesty?
Flush'd with victory,
Wild with liberty,
O nought of the dead recks he.

Since Creation's hour,
In his uncheck'd power,
Hath ocean triumphant roll'd;
And with shouts of scorn,
Have his breakers torn
Life and hope from human hold.
For compassion's tear,
Or remorse, have ne'er
His fiery moods controll'd.

Still, just now and then,
He restores to men
The forms of their loved who died;
And he'll sometimes give
Back a few who live,
From grasp of his seething tide,
But he flings them down,
With a conqueror's frown,
On his brow of tameless pride.

How he laughs to see
The intensity
Of the watchers' gaze of fear,
As the wreck'd ships loom,
Tho' the gather'd gloom,
Uprais'd on their watery bier;
While he drowns each cry,
Of wild agony,
In his fierce exultant cheer.

O'er gems pure and rare,
O'er gold rich and fair,
The foam-lipp'd billows sweep;
And the rubies gleam
With a lurid beam,
Where the silent fishes creep,
As the finny race
Seek a hiding-place
'Mid the treasures of the deep.

The amethyst's sheen
And th' emerald's green
Blend in bright commingling tide;
And the opal's blaze
Sheds a rosy haze
As they nestle side by side
On the pearl's pale face,
Till with tender grace
It glows, as with modest pride.

As his tides of blue
With their sapphire hue
Flow in gilded pomp and might,
O what recketh he,
The all-glorious sea,
Of the earth gems lustrous light?
All the wild storm gave
To the surging wave
He hath hurl'd far out of sight!

And tho' poet's dream
As the minstrel's theme,
His beauty shall ever be;
As for jewel's blaze
So for mortal's praise
Nought cares the defiant sea—
That submits to none
Save the God alone
Who maketh it bond or free.

Of the Living's sigh,
Of the Dying's cry,
Of corse's his arms enfold!
Of the riches mass'd
By the tempest's blast,
Tho' it garners wealth untold—
Of nought recketh he,
The eternal sea,
Nor of man, nor time, nor gold.

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A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

LEIPSIK.—The Widow of the late F. von Holstein has founded in his memory a home for six young art-students.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(Correspondence.)

At the Grand Opera, all the characters in the revival of *Le Roi de Lahore* are sustained by their original representatives, with one exception: Alim is now sung by M. Vergnet. M. Massenet's work was to have been repeated on the Wednesday after the Monday on which it was revived, but *L'Africaine* was substituted, the words: "By Order" figuring at the top of the bills. The change was made out of deference to the wish of Dom Fernando, ex-King of Portugal, who was present in the President's Box.—M. Carvalho has accepted for the Opéra-Comique a one-act opera, *Le Signal*, words by MM. E. Dubreuil and W. Busnach, music by M. Paul Puget, who gained the Prize of Rome in 1873. M. Carvalho has also engaged M. Caisso, the tenor, and his wife, Mad. Caisso-Sablairolles.—The third performance, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, of *Le Capitaine Fracasse* had to be postponed in consequence of the illness of M. Melchissédé, who, however, was able to resume his duties three days later. A French version of *Aida* is in rehearsal.—The title of "Directeur Général de l'Enseignement du Chant" in the Communal Schools, borne by the late François Bazin, has been suppressed. The office combined with it is conferred on M. Danhauser, who will be styled "Inspector General." M. Enile Pessard is appointed Inspector in the place of M. Danhauser.—M. Massenet has brought with him, from Fontainebleau, an oratorio entitled *La Vierge*. It will be performed in the hall of the Conservatory, which has been placed at the composer's disposal.—An addition of 10 per cent., owing to the increase caused by the Exhibition in the price of necessities, recently granted to certain Government Officials with salaries not exceeding 2,400 francs, and has now been extended to the Professors of the Conservatory, none of whom receive a higher salary.—The orchestra of the Scala has been succeeded at the Trocadero by their colleagues from Turin, who, 114 in number, under the direction of Sig. Pedrotti, have given three concerts. The programmes were of a somewhat mixed character. Among the pieces most applauded were the prelude to *La Traviata*, Pedrotti's overture to *Tutti in Maschera*, a Serenade by Haydn, a Minuet by Boccherini (all encored), the overture to *Si j'étais Roi*, that to *King Lear*, by Bazzini, and Fiorini's "Ouvverture de Concert," in C, originally introduced by the Milan orchestra. The principal features at the second concert were three symphonic pieces by Mancinelli, conductor at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, intended for Pietro Cossa's tragedy of *Cleopatra*. Signor Mancinelli conducted his own compositions, the *bâton* being ceded to him by Sig. Pedrotti. On the whole the concerts were successful, the applause being hearty and general. The project of a concert to be given by the orchestras from Milan and Turin united was abandoned.—The permanent tomb of Félicien David is now being erected in the cemetery of Peq-sous-Saint-Germain, where he died in 1876. The monument will be of large proportions, and altogether special in character. Built against one of the walls of the cemetery, it will cover thirty-six square metres.—There is no lack of candidates for the *fauteuil* vacant in the Academy through the death of François Bazin. Among the list are MM. Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Joncières, Guiraud, Delibes, Boulanger, Duprato, Deffès, and Membree (!).

LINES ON HOME.*

Not such their home, whom love has taught to know,
From that blest source what real transports flow.
Home! 'tis the name of all that sweetens life!
It speaks the warm affection of a wife;
The lisping babe, the prattlers on the knee,
In all the playful grace of infancy;
The spot where fond parental love may trace
The glowing virtues of a blooming race.
Oh! 'tis a word of more than magic spell,
Whose sacred power the wanderer's heart can tell;
He who long distant from his native land,
Feels at her name his anxious breast expand;
Whether as patriot, husband, father, friend,
To that dear point, his thoughts, his wishes bend;
And still he owns, where'er his footsteps roam,
Life's choicest blessings centre all—at home.

* Copyright.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

A new opera, *Bernarbò Visconti*, has proved a failure at the Dal Verme, Milan.

GLASGOW MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The following gentlemen have retired from the Glasgow Musical Festival Executive Committee:—Preceptor A. G. Macdonald, Messrs J. H. Ferguson, Robert Miller, R. R. Stephen, and T. L. Stillie. So much the worse for the Glasgow Musical Festival.



DEATH OF "DOLORES."

We have to record the death, on the fourth inst., at her residence, "Ye Byrde's Nest," Lyndhurst, of the talented and benevolent lady long known in the musical world under the name of "Dolores." Miss Ellen Dickson, was the second daughter of General Sir Alexander Dickson, G.C.B., and K.C.H., one of the Duke of Wellington's most trusted officers and friends, and she inherited in an unusual degree her father's talents for mathematics and his acute and analytical intellect. She was born at Woolwich in 1819, and consequently was the same age as the Queen. Few women were so well read, and few had so retentive a memory; but as regards the gift for which she was best known in the world, her musical education was only the ordinary one of a young lady forty years ago. Had her genius been cultivated, she would have produced far more remarkable results. The spontaneous fountain of melody, however, which bubbled up in her, was not to be repressed, because the channels through which it flowed were bricked in by no scientific laws. She wrote her wild untutored lays from a very early age, though it was not till the year 1849 that a friend induced her to let him take the MS. of "I love him" to Messrs Jeffery, who thenceforward for many years published a succession of her songs, many of which, like "The brook," became deservedly popular. Among those least known, but perhaps superior to any, were her settings of Shelley's words. In 1857 she came to reside at Lyndhurst, where she built a cottage, and soon endeared herself to all classes by her ever ready help in sorrow, ever genial sympathy in joy. An invalid from youth upwards, no more radiant spirit ever gladdened the home she entered, whether rich or poor. Her munificence was proverbial; she devoted large sums from time to time to the adornment of the beautiful church at Lyndhurst, in which she took a lively interest; but memorials of her more abiding, as the spirit shall survive the stone, are written in the hearts of those to whom her loving-kindness was unfailing as long as she was with them.—*Hampshire Chronicle*.

BRUSSELS.—The Théâtre de la Monnaie opens this year earlier than usual in order to contribute its share to the national festivities in honour of their Majesties' Silver Wedding. There will be two extraordinary performances, one a "Gala" and the other a gratuitous performance, probably on the 22nd and 23rd August respectively. *Aida* will be the opera at both. The regular season commences later. One of the first novelties is to be *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, now performing at the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris.

GÖRLITZ.—The third Silesian Musical Festival was successful. The new Hall accommodates 2,000 persons. The orchestra consisted of forty-six violins, sixteen violas, seventeen violoncellos, twelve double basses, four flutes, four oboes, four clarinets, four bassoons, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, one kettle-drum, one harp, one triangle, one pair of cymbals, and one big drum. The chorus numbered above 500, and there were nine solo singers. After various works by recognized masters, the noticeable features of the programme were Kiel's *Christus*, and a Symphony by Count Hochberg, founder of these Festivals, who, however, styles himself, in his character of composer, "J. H. Franz." Herr Doppe, of Berlin, was conductor, and Herr Lauterbach greatly distinguished himself by his rendering of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

The Season Ober.

Aglaia.

Thalia.

Euphrosyne.



AGLAIA (*simpering*).—Mi piace !

THALIA (*slily*).—Povera ! Io
non posso più !

EUPHROSYNE (*aside*).—Mi'spiace !

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878.

Black Mail and White.



Fig. 2.

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

DR WHITE.—More black mail, I see—Black?
DR BLACK.—More white mail, I see—White?
DR WHITE.—Where's the difference?
DR BLACK.—As it were 'tween black and white?
DR WHITE.—As it were 'tween white and black.
DR BLACK.—You may be white-washed, but not blackwashed.
Read about Griggl.

IN RE GRIGGL.

Mr Griggl was bookkeeper for a recent Opera Company during its season in the New York Academy of Music. On June 4th he showed to a *Sun* reporter the following entries in the cash book:—

Feb. 6—Press expenses [] A	20 dols.
Feb. 6—Press expenses X A []	50 "
Feb. 6—Press expenses [] A	10 "
Expenses for the Press, Sch [] A (check not paid)	100 "
Press expenses [] St. A	50 "

"What do these entries mean?" asked the reporter.

Mr Griggl answered that [] meant "sugar," and added: "Mdme —'s husband, Mr —, charged himself with a great deal of the management. In spite of my objection to the bribing of critics, he came to me for money, and afterwards ordered me to

put it down under the title 'sugar.' We spent in one month \$445."

The reporter asked what critics took the bribes. "I will not tell you," Mr Griggl replied. "What does 'Sch' mean, in one of the entries, and the words 'Check not paid?'"—"Oh, you know the gentleman it means. One day he came in, and Mr — wanted to give him some money. I said we had no cash. 'Then we'll give him a check,' Mr — said. The check for \$100 was given, but it was never paid, and that is what the entry means.

DR WHITE.—Well?

DR BLACK.—Read what says an "Editor":—

"No matter"—says the Editor of the —, "what certain critics might have accepted or have been promised, Mr Griggl had no business to show the cash-books of the concern. Managers in future will beware of 'helps' who confide to outsiders the secrets of their employers' business."

De fumo in flammam.

Adelina (Amina) Patti.



MORE brilliant triumph than that achieved by Mad. Adelina Patti on Thursday night, as Amina in the *Sonnambula*, has rarely been achieved upon the lyric boards. The Amina who, on that memorable Tuesday, May 14, 1861, unknown and unexpected, took all London by storm, was before us—only, ripened into the maturity of womanhood, and mistress of art in its absolute perfection. We had once (as our pleasant contemporary, *The Theatre*, good-naturedly reminds us) "an Amina who has not done growing." We have now an Amina grown taller than any Amina in our remembrance—from Malibran-Amina (our first in England) downwards. The enthusiasm created by the whole performance baffles description. We have no more to say except that Nicolini had to gather up a conservatory; and that is the humour of it.



[Witness Polka's.]

Dishley Peters.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF.—Mdme Rudersdorff, the popular singer, who has dined in her time, it is said, with Emperors and Queens, has settled down on a farm of her own, at Berlin, Massachusetts. She manages her land entirely herself, and is solving the seemingly impossible problem of making money out of farming. Her dairy products and vegetables find sale at higher prices than those of her neighbours. Her house is full of Turkish and Persian rugs, old china, and precious bric-à-brac she has been gathering up for years. She rises at five in the morning, and works in her garden vigorously with a hoe. Besides this, she trains in music young lady pupils who reside with her, and gives lessons in languages. Even in the heart of Yankeeedom she is superlatively a woman of "faculty."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THIS week is the week of benefits and of the end of the season. To-night Mdle Cepeda appears for the last time in *Les Huguenots*. To-morrow Mdme Adelina Patti undertakes on the occasion of her benefit, the part of Amina in *La Sonnambula*—the part which served to introduce her to the English public, but which of late years she has seldom played. On Friday, when the benefit of Mdle Albani takes place, a mixed performance is to be given, in which the heroine of the evening will be heard as Gilda, in the second act of *Rigoletto*; as Lucia, in third act of the opera of that name; and, finally, as Violetta, in the last act of *La Traviata*. On Saturday, for the last performance of the season, *Aida* will be given, with Mdme Adelina Patti in the principal character.

To De Hetz, the Minnesinger.



The opera is magnificently put on the stage. The curious change in the last scene from the tomb of Ninus to a large square, where crowds of Babylonians have assembled in front of the palaces of the Assyrian kings in view of the approaching accession to the throne, needs, perhaps, a word of explanation. For while the tomb as a whole disappears, the steps leading to it, with *Mdme Patti* (in this situation more *Semiramis-like*, more *Assyrian* than ever) reclining upon them in a dying attitude, still remain. It would be foolish, however, to find fault with a representation which, taking it altogether, is worthy of nothing but praise.



Shaver Silber.

ADELINA (SEMIAMIDE) PATTI.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")



The manager of the Royal Italian Opera seems this season to have acted on the principle of keeping the good wine till the last. Nothing so attractive, nothing so admirable as *Semiramide* with *Mdme Adelina Patti* in the part of the Assyrian Queen and *Mdme Scalchi* in that of *Arsace*, has been produced for some time past at Covent Garden; and the two performances of this work which have just been given have drawn the most crowded houses of the season. More than that, *Rossini's* masterpiece in the serious Italian style has been fully appreciated by audiences which, being intelligent, could not but become enthusiastic at hearing such beautiful music perfectly sung. For the music of *Semiramide* is really the most beautiful that exists. Operas more dramatic than *Semiramide* have been composed by *Rossini* himself. This work, moreover, so full of the richest and most entrancing melody, contains many pieces in which sense has possibly been sacrificed to sound—dramatic significance to mere lyrical beauty. But who would complain, or rather how many would complain (for some protests on the subject might be expected from a few pedants), of a play in which every character uttered highly poetical speeches? Such a work would at least be accepted as a very admirable work of its kind; and as such *Semiramide* must be, is, and has been accepted for upwards of half a century. The music, with its continuous flow of pure spontaneous melody, is, indeed, not always in exact correspondence with the words of the piece nor with the dramatic situation. Had the value of each particular incident, of each particular phrase, been too closely considered by the composer, his lyrical raptures must soon have come to an end. Meanwhile, the merits of a form of art which gives such beauties as are to be found in *Semiramide* need not be too curiously discussed. The *Semiramide* music should be enjoyed first and analyzed afterwards—or, better still, enjoyed again. The continued and, indeed, at this moment increasing popularity of the opera can, of course, be rationally explained. But on that head it will probably be enough to say that an opera abounding from beginning to end in music of the most enchanting kind might well succeed even if it possessed far less dramatic worth than, whatever may be said to the contrary, really belongs to *Semiramide*. Indeed, the opening scenes, with the very original, very brilliant march, with the chorus marked by the quaintest rhythm, and by an instrumentation which in its violent contrasts is almost grotesque, and with the magnificent trio for *Idreno*, *Oro*, and *Assur*, are full of character and colour of some kind; "local

colour" it might perhaps be called if anybody could tell us what the melodies and harmonies of the ancient Assyrians were really like. Unhappily for them and for the ancients in general, their music can have borne but little resemblance to that of the opening scenes in *Semiramide*. After a very short time it seems to have occurred to *Rossini*—a man of true artistic perception if ever there was one—that to give *Semiramide*, *Arsace*, and *Assur* a particular kind of quasi-Assyrian music to sing would be absurd, and that the only thing to do with them was to make them sing the most beautiful music possible in modern Italian style. A composer with theories but without genuine musical inspiration would, under the pretence of being highly dramatic, have assigned to these personages the most uncouth strains, which he would have declared to be Assyrian-like, and which the public would have considered ugly. Lovers of music owe a deep debt of gratitude to *Rossini* for having transformed his ancient Assyrians into modern Italians—as *Shakespeare* himself transformed all his ancient characters into Englishmen of the time of Elizabeth.

Mr Gye has been looking abroad year after year for a tolerable *Semiramide* when he had an incomparable *Semiramide* in his own company. This may possibly be explained by the widespread, though not very ancient, delusion as to the existence of two distinct classes of soprano singers—the light and the heavy, otherwise the "dramatic." The late *Mdme Grisi* and the late *Mdme Tietjens* distinguished themselves in "dramatic" parts, among which *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Semiramide* were all included. As *Semiramide* both *Mdme Grisi* and *Mdme Tietjens* obtained great success, and both were "robust" not only of voice but also of person. Hence the notion that *Semiramide* must necessarily be represented by a singer possessing a voice of large calibre with figure to match. Yet *Mdme Tietjens* was slim enough when she first undertook in this country the part of *Semiramide*; and it was not because she was tall but because she was really a great artist that she made so much impression in that character. It was considered, all the same, a matter of course that though *Mdme Patti* might represent to perfection such personages as *Amina*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Gilda*, *Rosina*, *Dinorah*, and some dozen others either of the same or of quite a different type, yet the repertory of the so-called dramatic soprano must remain closed to her. Accordingly, since the retirement of *Mdme Grisi*, Mr Gye has sent to the uttermost ends of the operatic earth in search of "dramatic soprano." Some of the would-be *Semiramides* possessed the supposed physical requirements of the part almost in excess; but not even *Mdme Wilde* could get herself accepted by the public as a fair representative of the Assyrian Queen. As a matter of fact there is no reason for supposing that *Semiramide* was more "robust" than *Cleopatra*; and no one can suppose that fascinating "serpent of the Nile" to have been otherwise than lithe and supple in figure. It was not, however, until several *Semiramides* of a larger growth had proved themselves incapable of grappling with the music and with the meaning of the part that the manager of the Royal Italian Opera thought of the artist who had shown herself in *Ernani*, *Aida*, &c., a great tragic actress, and who was known long ago—ever since her first season in England—to be an accomplished mistress of such vocalization as the florid music of *Rossini* demands. It might, however, have been remembered that the part of *Semiramide* had been sung with brilliant success by *Mdme Sontag* and by *Mdme Bosio*, who, many years ago, appeared as *Semiramide* in Paris (with *Borghi Mamo* as *Arsace*), and at St Petersburg. Indeed, the very music would seem to show that, far from being unsuited to the light soprano voice, the part could only receive justice at the hands of a singer who possessed the peculiar gifts and acquirements by which the light soprano is distinguished. *Rossini*, who probably knew how his own music should be sung, was delighted when he heard that *Adelina Patti* wished some day to appear as *Semiramide*; and, to give additional brilliancy to her performance, he wrote for her the ornaments which she now introduces in *Semiramide's* great aria, "Bel raggio." He at the same time wrote, in view of this being sung by *Mdme Patti*, new passages for *Desdemona's* willow song, "Assisa al pie d'un salice."

That *Mdme Patti* would find all the music of *Semiramide* well within her resources must have been known beforehand to every one who had ever heard her in a *Rossini* opera. Others who have heard her repeatedly in every part she has undertaken were, moreover, aware that her impersonation would in a dramatic point of view be all that could be desired. *Mdme Patti* does not walk the stage

like a conventional stage queen, with measured step, lofty bearing, and head slightly thrown back in token of general disdain. Always natural, always entering into the spirit of the character she undertakes, she is queenly, not through any deliberate assumption of royal airs (which are as easily put on as scarlet robes), but because in the exercise of her high dramatic faculty she becomes Semiramide herself. She is as queenly as is possible to be without ceasing to be womanly.

KUNDRY

in R. Wagner's *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*.

By J. H. LÖFFLER.*

It is a bad practice of newspaper-writers and authors of books to pounce, paste and scissars in hand, upon every work of art. Their so-called "Recensions," their blame and praise, have frequently something so repulsive about them as not seldom to excite the indignation of reasonable men. Our Master has so marked (to adopt the language of Dr Martin Luther) *these shameless people, that they will not get over it all their born days*. The courteous reader need not fear, therefore, my annoying him in the same manner. I have found that, in periodicals of not the slightest position, persons of the above kind have again flippantly indulged in praise and blame (in the latter, however, to a less degree), after the usual reporting style, of Wagner's *Parsifal*. While doing so they have shown that Wagner's Kundry is something they cannot comprehend. This is perfectly natural! For them *Germanity* is unrecognisable. Every German who thinks it beneath him to identify himself with the myths of his forefathers will not understand Germanity when he really meets with it; how, then, can his heart be touched by Wagner's Kundry? I consider it will not be superfluous to remind my readers, by a short consideration of this character, of the depth and richness of German nature.

In *Parsifal*, two fortresses stand opposite each other, like the two poles of the axis of the drama: Montsalvat, the stronghold of those who guard the Graal, and Klingsor's magic castle. In them are symbolised the two extreme opposite points of all human existences. There, the Graal, radiant in its spirit-raising might; here, the dark powers of wickedness—there, the guardians of the sacred relic (Titulrel, Amfortas, Gurnemanz); here, the representative of evil (Klingsor)—there, Christianity; here, Paganism. And between these two poles there is *man* (*Parsifal*) and *woman* (Kundry); the former, *battling and aspiring*; the latter, *servant*; both tossed, in error and hope, suffering and yearning, from one pole to the other, until the hour of *Redemption* strikes. The Graal-King also pines in the anguish of error—while the storm of suffering caused by sin rages in Klingsor. All call aloud for Redemption. Under this powerful pressure, in this deep-extending aspiration, in this general human suffering, opposites are blended. To have represented with such astounding mastery, in *Parsifal*, as figurative, perceptible *German* life, the Christian idea of the need of redemption experienced by mankind is a great feat on Wagner's part, and one which must become a feat of redeeming power for his countrymen. The Christian Sacrament, the symbolic act of the great expiation, the touching completion of the idea which already bore the heathen sacrifice, has in *Parsifal* risen to a magnificence before which our materialistic, pale, religionless generation will shrink together.

Man hört oft im fernen Wald
Von oben her ein dumpfes Läuten,
Doch Niemand weiss, von wann es hallt
Und kaum die Sage kann es deuten.
Von der verlorenen Kirche soll
Der Klang ertönen mit den Winden;
Einst war der Pfad von Wallern voll;
Nun weiss ihn Keiner mehr zu finden.†

Our Master and many who think like him have frequently echoed this lament of Uhland's. But, for the purpose of finding

* From *Bayreuther Blätter*.

† We often hear in the distant wood a dull sound of bells wafted down to us, but no one knows whence it comes, and even our legends can scarcely explain it. It is supposed to be re-echoed by the winds from the lost church; formerly the path was full of pilgrims; at present no one can find it.

the lost path, *One* man only knew how to unite with the sharp glance the steady hand and the sharp sword. What our learned fellow countrymen, Grimm, Uhland, Simrock, and many others, merely discovered for us with their sharp eyes, his eye and heart grasped with all the glow of the love which brings forth deeds. The underwood is cut through and a path has been found!—How joyfully would the poet now strike the strings, had he been able to make one of the spectators in the Bayreuth art-temple! If he lived, how delighted he would be with *Parsifal*: how pleased with every figure in it, and, probably, most of all with *Kundry*!

This personage awakes our saga-reminiscences as far back as *Hel*. She serves the Graal—she serves Klingsor; she is half light (white) and half dark (black), like *Hel*.† To the latter, as a secret and hidden divinity, as goddess of the lower world, and, moreover, not of death alone but of life also (since all being flows from out the lower world), belongs the highest grade among all female divinities, the rank of a *mother of gods*. Just as from this primary goddess all female divinities branch, particular impersonifications existing for various sides of her nature, so in our *Parsifal* may be found points in common between Kundry and nearly all the female figures of our German mythus. Her restless curse-laden life reminds us of the wandering goddess *Freyja* (*Gylfaginning, Jüng-Edda*, 35) seeking her husband, and, as chieftainess of the Walkyres, called also *Walfreyja*; the *Walkyres*, like the Norms, sprang from the character of *Hel*. Among the Walkyres there always appears a *Hilde*, subsequently presented under the name of *Brynhild* or *Frau Hilde*, whence the author of *Reinardus* made a *Pharaldes*, as, according to his account, *Herodias* was called after her death. It was *Herodias*, however, who suggested the decapitation of St John the Baptist, and, in the Middle Ages, was supposed to be at the head of the *wild host*. These personages are identical with *Frau Holle*, *Holda*, *Hulda*, *Hilde-Berta*, *Brech-Höldern*—all which names, except the foreign one: *Herodias*, remind us of *Hel*, while, in them, we have now the dark and terrible, now the friendly and beneficent side of *Hel*'s double nature turned outwards.

Wagner's Kundry, therefore, combines the various fragments, above indicated, of the *Hel* mythus, but in the Eastern garb formed by the influence of Christianity. Kundry is ugly, wildly clad, and active; she wears a girdle of serpent's skin hanging far down; she has black hair, fluttering in loose tresses, black staring eyes, sometimes flashing strangely, but more frequently fixed as though in death and motionless.‡ A Squire speaks of her malignant look and compares her to a wild beast. She is drawn as a *Zauberweib* (sorceress) and as a *Verwünschte* (*One Accursed*). We are not sure that she did not fly on her Devil's Mare through the air. This is represented *Walkyre* fashion, from the dark side of *Frau Holle* and the wild huntress, *Herodias*. Near Haslach on the Maine, people saw her riding through the forest, her white steed richly adorned with silver and with little bells, which latter were most harmonious. The animal did not touch the ground, but skimmed lightly along, often high up in the air from hill to hill. A stately huntress with bow and arrow, and three hunting-dogs in a leash, *she* radiant with beauty, her gown grass-green, and her white steed bearing a little silver bell for each hair of its mane, appeared on the banks of the Huntly to the poet Thomas of Erceldoune who lived in the thirteenth century. Scarcely had the poet striven to obtain her favour, before she was transformed into the *most hideous witch*; he had to bid farewell to foliage and grass, to follow her for three days through dark caverns, to wade through streams of blood, &c.

In the folk's legend *Hulda* has also her *bright, friendly side*—so

† *Hel* answers to the Indian *Kali* (Greek: *Calypso*), which is in Gothic, *Halja*; in old High German, *Hellia*; in middle High German, *Hella*; at present *Hölle*, and is to be derived from *hylan*, to conceal.

‡ The girdle of serpent-skin points to Kundry as a supernatural being, and, indeed, she at once strikes us as belonging to the world of Saga. The swan-necklace (originally, in all probability, a feather-girdle) of *Freyja*, wolf's skin, wolf's girdle, and serpent-girdle are the mediums of transformation in the Saga. On account of its demoniacal nature, the serpent plays an important part in the myths and sagas of nearly all nations (the horned serpents of the Egyptians, the serpent of Nebuchadnezzar, the Hebrew, the Hellenic serpent myths, the Northern *Jörmungandr*, the Hushon of the Swedes, and numerous German sagas and fables relating to serpents.) The deep brown-reddish complexion and the black hair point to the oriental elements subsequently combined with German nature.

has Kundry. Speaking of her when in the service of those who guard the Graal, Gurnemanz says:—

Hm!—Schuf sie euch Schaden je?—
Wann Alles rathlos steht,
wie kämpfenden Brüdern in fernste Länder
Kunde sei zu entsenden,
und kaum ihr nur wisst, wohin?—
Wer, ehe ihr euch nur besinnt,
stürmt und fliegt dahin und zurück,
der Botschaft pflegend mit Treu und Glück?
Ihr nährt sie nicht, sie naht euch nie,
nichts hat sie mit euch gemein;
Doch wann's in Gefahr der Hilfe gilt
der Eifer führt sie schier durch die Luft,
die nie euch dann zum Danke ruft.*

Wolfram in his epic says of her:—

438, 29. Sief sprach zu ihm: "Mir wird vom Gral
der Kost genug gesandt zum Mal."
439. Kondrie la Sorzier
Bringt mir von dorten her
Jeden Samstag in der Nacht
(Den Vorsatz hat sie sich gemacht)
Was ich die Woche haben soll.

Gurnemanz (in our Consecrative Festival-Play) has no notion that it is the same woman of whom he subsequently says:—

ein fürchtbar schönes Weib hat ihn entzückt:
in seinen Armen liegt er trunken —. †

He alludes to Amfortas, the Graal-King.—Such a person was she in Klingsor's service. A complete reversal of her nature: in the service of the Graal-guardians, externally repulsive, but good-hearted—in Klingsor's service, in appearance seductively beautiful but diabolically active, and so perverted that she fancies she will be redeemed by corrupting Pfaisal:—

Lass mich dich Göttlichen lieben
Erlösung gabst du dann mir, — §

While Klingsor knows that:—

Wer dich trotzte, lös'te dich frei—
Versuch's mit dem Knaben, der naht! ‡

Norway and Sweden had a denizen of the mountains and woods, *Hulla*, or *Huldra*, whom they represented as sometimes young and beautiful, and sometimes old and gloomy. She was fond of music and song, but her song was of a melancholy nature. Now, melancholy is a prominent characteristic of Kundry.

(To be continued.)

"SOMETHING ABOUT WHAT?"

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I hasten to relieve your readers from an alarming state of perplexity. The notes quoted in your last week's number under the above title do not refer to a conspiracy for the dethronement of our most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, but to a performance of Verdi's *Requiem*, given at St James Hall on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst. By a curious accident, your "very rare correspondent" omitted to send the outer sheet of his MS., containing the "missing link," viz., the heading.—Yours, apologetically,

London, July 15th, 1878.

RARA AVIS.

* Hm!—Did she ever do you harm?—When all stood bewildered how to send intelligence to brethren battling in far distant lands, and you scarcely know whither it is to be sent—who, ere you have recovered yourselves, rushes and flies thither, fulfilling your missive truly and successfully? You do not support her, and she never approaches you, having nothing in common; but when, in the moment of danger, help is needed, zeal carries her quickly through the air, which does not then cry to you for thanks.

† Signe.

‡ 438, 29. She said to him: "From the Graal food enough is sent to me for a meal"—439. Kondrie, la sorzier (the sorceress) brings me thence every Saturday (for so she has resolved) what I shall have for the week.

§ A fearfully beautiful woman has fascinated him, intoxicated he lies in her arms.

§ Let me, thou god-like one, love thee; you will then bring me redemption.

¶ Any one who defied would free thee; make the experiment with the boy who is approaching.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS EDWARDS gave a *matinée musicale* at her residence, Ebury Street, on Tuesday, July 9, assisted by Misses Polhill Turner, Calder Marshall, Ethel Sharpe (amateurs), Messrs F. Penna, Valdec, Lazarus, and Albert. Miss Edwards and Mr F. Penna sang "Crudel perché" with genuine effect, Miss Edwards again shewing her vocal skill in Campana's "Zingarella" (accompanied by the composer) and Braga's *Serenata* (clarinet *obbligato* by the incomparable Mr Lazarus). As a pianist Miss Edwards needs no commendation. Her performance of an *Etude de Concert* by the too-much neglected Cipriani Potter, Mendelssohn's Sonata, in B flat, for pianoforte and violoncello, with M. Albert, and Tito Mattei's *Quatrième grande Valse* was all that could be desired. Miss Ethel Sharpe, a young amateur, pupil of Miss Edwards, played a Gavotte by Rameau so cleverly that, the audience wishing to hear more, she was called back, giving with no less cleverness the "Traumeswirren" of Schumann. M. Valdec, after Gounod's "Air de Gallia," and Mr F. Penna, in a ballad by Alfred Mellon, "I never can forget," were much applauded. Mr Lazarus, *facilissime princeps* among clarionetists, gave a solo which delighted his hearers beyond measure. The rooms were filled by the Belgravian "Upper Ten," and the concert pleased all without exception.

MDME CELLINI gave her annual concert on Saturday morning, July 13, at Willis's Rooms. The first piece on the programme was Mendelssohn's trio, in D minor, brilliantly played by Mdme Viard-Louis, Mdme Varley Liebe, and M. Albert. Mdme Viard-Louis afterwards gave, with the utmost spirit and effect, Liatz's arrangement of the March in *Tannhäuser*, Mdme Liebe contributing a "Rêverie" by Vieuxtemps. Mdme Cellini sang Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" (encored), and an English ballad, besides joining M. Faulkner Leigh in Lucantoni's "Una notte a Venetia." Miss Emmeline Dickson, a promising pupil of Mdme Cellini, sang "Let the bright seraphim" (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr T. Harper) and "Within a mile of Edinbro' town" (encored). Mr Isidore de Lara, in his own popular "Ricordi," and Mr Aguilar's clever setting of "The ferry boat," obtained well deserved applause, and was "re-called" after each. Mr Leigh gave Lady Charlemont's new song, "The Queen's Command" ("expressly composed for him"), with *Lieder* by Schubert and Blumenthal. The instrumental part of the concert was well represented by the artists named above, Miss Marion Beard (harpist) and Mr Hoyte, who gave the overture to *Guillaume Tell* on the harmonium. MM. Marlois and Henry Parker accompanied the vocal music.

PROFESSOR GLOVER introduced on Saturday evening, July 13, at Langham Hall, a selection from his opera, *The Deserted Village*. It is impossible to judge of the merits of a work by a few excerpts; but the "numbers" heard on the occasion gave general satisfaction, especially "Ill fares the land" (Mdme Elena Franchi), "Young Love" (Mr Gerard Coventry), "Come back, my love, to me" (Mdme Sanderini), and a charming quartet, "O blest retirement" (harp *obbligato*, Mdme Emilie Grey). The opera will, no doubt, be heard shortly in its entirety; meantime, we may congratulate Professor Glover on the hearty reception awarded to him at the beginning and the unanimous "call" at the end of his "recital."

MR DELCUE's concert, at the residence of Mr and Mrs Addeys Scott, Cambridge Gate, on Saturday, July 6, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The vocalists were Mdme Rose Hersée, Misses José Sherrington, Anna Eyre, Redeker, and Purdy; Messrs Shakespeare, Purdon, Bernard Lane, Monari-Rocca, De Monaco, Celli, and Walter Clifford. The instrumentalists were Signors Pezze and Erba, Miss Julia Muschamp and Mdme Charles Eley (amateur). The programme was too long for us to enter into details. Most of the artists are known and appreciated in our concert rooms. Miss Anna Eyre, who has earned laurels on the lyric stages of Italy and France, and may also be remembered as forming one of the company of Her Majesty's Theatre, last year, sang Sir Julius Benedict's "Che più dirvi" (accompanied by the composer) and Sullivan's "Let me dream again," obtaining well merited applause after each. Miss Purdy, in "Beware," and Signor De Monaco in a *barcarolle*, "Ti rapirei" (Tosti), were also successful. Signors Erba and Pezze played solos on the violin and violoncello. The other accompanists were MM. Ganz, Kuhe, Lindsay Sloper, and Rotoli. The concert pleased all present.

PROVINCIAL.

DARTMOUTH.—Mr Charles Fowler and Mons. Musin's "Recital" of pianoforte and violin music took place on Monday evening, July 1st. One of the features of the programme was Mr Fowler's sonata in C minor, for piano and violin, which met with a warm reception, the executants being "called" three times at the conclusion.

MUSIC IN THE TROCADERO.

Under the heading, "*English Music in Paris*," Mr Campbell Clarke, the able political correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, transmits, by "Special Wire," the subjoined very interesting notice of the first English concert at the French International Exhibition:—

"Paris, Wednesday Night.

"It was a laudable and patriotic idea to organize a series of performances which should prove to the French people, and to the Continental world now represented in Paris, that there are composers on your side of the Channel, and that England can boast a musical history filled with illustrious names. There is not a nation on the Continent in which the conviction is not encouraged that in art England does not exist. It has been here satisfactorily proved, and, I may add, universally admitted, that in painting, at least, Englishmen can compare favourably with any living artists, whatever their nationality. The idea of showing that in music we have been no less active was excellent, but the means of carrying it out with the greatest possible effect were not easy to attain. Music, unfortunately for composers, requires executants to carry out the author's ideas, and famous singers in England are in the habit of receiving such large emoluments that they cannot easily be induced to devote to national glory the time which to them represents gold. Again, the performances which are most characteristic of music in England are those of oratorios, and the sacred lyrical drama is a thing which Frenchmen have always refused to appreciate or even listen to with any feeling but that of curiosity. Under these circumstances the organizers of the English concerts have done as much as in them lay to give Frenchmen an idea of our national art. They have formed two programmes consisting exclusively of music by English composers, interpreted by native artists, and one devoted to vocal music of various nationalities. If the general Parisian public did not respond in any considerable numbers to the appeal made to them to inform themselves of what is doing in England, the cause may easily be found in the not unnatural dislike of foreigners to shut themselves up in a hall on a ragingly hot afternoon in July. It is only in England, be it remembered, that people devote themselves with the greatest ardour to attending musical performances in the sultriest weeks of the year. The consequence of the universal habit of spending July in the country, or by the seaside, and if that be not possible, at all events in the open air, was a beggarly array of empty boxes along the grand tier of the Salle des Fêtes in the Trocadéro Palace, and many vacant spaces in all the other parts of the immense hall, which, by the way, is splendidly ventilated. Doubtless the unusually high prices of admission also had something to do with the comparative emptiness of the building. The Prince of Wales evinced his great interest in the undertaking by taking the largest box in the centre of the house, and inviting a number of friends to join him there. As soon as he was perceived—and he arrived with his habitual punctuality—the band struck up 'God save the Queen.' All the English present sprang to their feet, and, strange to say, everybody else followed their example. The Prince could not have received a more convincing proof of the firm hold which he has obtained over the affections of the French people. The Duchesse de Castries sat on his right hand, Lord Lyons on his left, and among other guests were Messrs Sheffield, Barrington, Sartoris, and Greville, of the English Embassy.

"The programme was long and varied. It opened with Macfarren's spirited and graphic *Chevy Chase* overture, which was followed by a trio from Balfe's *Falstaff*—a piece which loses more than half its effect when sung apart from the opera to which it belongs. The work, however, was applauded, thanks to the fresh voices of the two Misses Robertson and Miss de Fonblanque. 'Come if you dare,' from Purcell's *King Arthur*, sung by Mr Barton McGuckin, might have been accepted as a challenge to all-comers in the East. Then came one of the brightest points of the programme—Sterndale Bennett's charming concerto in F minor, the delicate, graceful fancy of which was most admirably interpreted by Mdme. Arabella Goddard, her sympathetic fingers bringing out into special relief the pensive beauty of the slow movement ('Barcarolle'). The French official orchestra left something to be desired, but our English pianist achieved a veritable triumph, and was rewarded with hearty and general applause. Old Samuel Wesley's motet for double choir, 'In Exitu Israel,' proved to be rather above the heads of the audience, who failed to appreciate either the grandeur of the treatment or the skill with which the difficulties of execution were surmounted by Mr Henry Leslie's admired choir. His own quartet from *Immanuel*, and Orlando Gibbons' motet 'Hosanna,' suffered from the serious character of the three immediately succeeding pieces, but the audience were at once caught by the musical beauty and deep religious fervour of the introduction to the scene in *Bethany* from Mr Arthur Sullivan's *Light*

of the World. This is orchestrated with rare skill, and the French performers showed their appreciation by playing it *con amore*. Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke's close production of tone prevents her voice from travelling in a large hall, but her expressive singing atoned, in a great measure, for this defect; and Mr Joseph Maas sang in excellent taste, the plaintive air, 'Refrain thy voice from weeping.' His excerpt from *The Light of the World* proved to be by far the greatest hit of the concert, and it provoked the question whether English art would not have been more worthily represented by a complete performance of the oratorio than by a set of miscellaneous extracts. An *intermezzo*, by Mr J. F. Barnett, was followed by a part-song and madrigal, both of which, exquisitely sung by Mr Leslie's choir, were warmly applauded. Wallace's 'Turn on, old Time,' was scarcely worth a place in the concert, but it gave Miss Robertson a chance of showing the charming quality of her voice. Instead of Mr Sullivan's *Ouverture di Ballo*, there was performed, in obedience to the Prince of Wales's request, a movement from the *Te Deum* composed to celebrate his Royal Highness's recovery to health. In this the band of the Garde Républicaine assisted, and the orchestra took the opportunity of themselves applauding the composer, who, in alternation with Mr Henry Leslie, wielded the conductor's baton. The programme was brought to a close by a repetition of 'God save the Queen,' sung in Sir Michael Costa's effective version, a verse being given by each variety of voice. Here, again, the audience remained standing to the end.

It is noteworthy that M. Gambetta, who had never before been in the Trocadéro Palace, attended the performance in a box in which he was surrounded by many friends. Some demonstration had been feared, but the personal popularity of the Prince of Wales here would in any case have ensured a welcome to all who appeared under his auspices. The only political remark I heard was made by a Frenchman behind me, who observed laughingly, 'They ought at least to have sung something out of *La Reine de Chypre*.'



At the King and Beard.

MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—I told you so.
MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—Adelina!
MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—I mean Arabella.
MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—Oh!—She played something in Paris?
MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—And that something?
MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—Sterndale Bennett's—
MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—F minor.
MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—With the Barcarolle?
MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—With the Barcarolle.
MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—Ambrose Thomas said it was the 'Light of the World.'
MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—Did Arthur Sullivan explain?
MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—He said—'The only 'Light of the World' is my *Light of the World*.'
MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—Showing that Arthur is a good father—
MR DISHLEY PETERS, JUN.—A godfather?
MR DISHLEY PETERS, SEN.—No, a good father.

Paris, Thursday Midnight.

The second English concert, which took place this afternoon, was, to say sooth, less successful than the first. Although the prices of admission were much lower than yesterday, the hall, which holds 5,000 persons, was not even a quarter full. *Rari Nantes in gurgite*

vasto rose involuntarily to the lips as one gazed at row after row of empty benches. Nor was even the stage filled; there was no orchestra to-day, and Mr Leslie's 150 chorus singers made but a poor show on the immense *estrade*. Their appearance, moreover, failed to please the Frenchmen present, accustomed as they are to see the ladies of the chorus dressed alike—the sopranos and contraltos distinguished from each other by different coloured bows, and the gentlemen in full evening dress. I must confess that the French fashion conduces to the pictorial effect of the scene. To-day's programme was just of the kind that is most in favour at St. James's Hall. From this point of view the concert may be said to have been emphatically representative of average English taste, but unfortunately it was not of a character to appeal strongly to French sympathies. In spite of all the efforts made by the organisers of Orphéon societies, the compatriots of Laurent de Rille have never evinced much fancy for unaccompanied choral music, and glees and madrigals speak to them as in an unknown tongue. Nevertheless, the almost faultless singing of Mr Leslie's choir, and especially the wonderfully well balanced alternations of *piano* and *forte*, produced a decided impression, in spite of the prevailing seriousness of the part-songs chosen. Pearsall's madrigal for double choir, "Sir Patrick Spens;" Mr Gaul's "The Silent Land;" Stevens's glee, "The cloud-capt towers;" and Walmisley's madrigal, "Sweete Floweres," all admirably sung, were listened to with due attention. I have seldom, however, been so struck by the sadness characteristic of these compositions, and it is not to be wondered at that an audience of French people exhibited a decided preference for pieces of a more lively sort. Thus Festa's "Down in a flow'ry vale" and Sir Julius Benedict's exceedingly spirited hunting song, "Rise, sleep no more!" took their fancy; while the suave melody of Pinsuti's serenade, "In this hour of softened splendour," pleased them so much that they encored the second verse. Sebastian Bach's magnificent motett for double choir, "The Spirit also helpeth us," and Mozart's well-known "Ave verum" were not appreciated as they deserved to be. Mendelssohn's supremely lovely hymn, "Hear my Prayer," won much applause; but this was in great measure due to the sympathetic voice—pleasant throughout its register and brilliantly pure in the upper notes—of Miss Robertson, who sang, moreover, with good taste and correct expression. If she had thrown some fervour into her voice—somewhat weak for so large an arena—her rendering of the solos would have been above reproach. The sisters Robertson joined their voices in Mr Leslie's "Fan Duet," the lively character of which proved a relief after all that had gone before, and led to its being encored. Miss de Fonblanque gave Mr Hullah's picturesque "Storm Song" with much feeling, and Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke, Mr McGuckin, and Mr Maas also sang solos. One of the pieces that pleased most was Mr Randegger's melodious, bright trio, "I Naviganti," which was accompanied by the composer. The choruses were, of course, conducted by Mr Henry Leslie in his customary decided style. The third and last concert is to take place on Saturday next. It should be added that the Prince of Wales was present again to-day, and sat throughout the entire performance. He was accompanied by many friends, and I understand that his Royal Highness has retained his box for next Saturday.

BRADFORD THEATRE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Fire broke out at midnight at the Prince's Theatre, Bradford, and in a short time the building was completely gutted and totally destroyed. The theatre was erected about two years since by a limited company, at a cost of £26,000, and has since been in the leaseholdship of Mr. W. Morgan, whose time would expire on the 1st of August. Mr. C. Rice, of the Theatre Royal, Bradford, had engaged to take the premises, including the Star Music Hall, built underneath the theatre, which is not much damaged. The fire was discovered shortly after the theatre closed. The origin is a complete mystery, but the damage is covered by insurance.

BERLIN.—Previously to entering on his functions as director of the new Conservatory of Music at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Herr Julius Stockhausen was entertained in the large hall of the Zoological Gardens, by the members of Stern's Gesangverein, of which he has been the artistic head for the last six years. After a dramatic and musical entertainment, the members of the Association presented him with a grand piano, as a memento of their esteem. A banquet followed, at which laudatory toasts were proposed, and which lasted till morning's dawn, when "Flecked darkness, &c."

CÆN.—A site has been selected by the Municipality for the statue of Anber, who was born in this town. The expense is to be defrayed by a subscription, which already amounts to 4,000 francs. The sculptor is M. Delaplanche, who has just gained the *Medaille de Salon* in Paris.

THE ISLE OF CYPRUS.*

(For Music.)

There's a lovely little isle
That we welcome with a smile
To the arms of our fair dominions;
Aye, and there we mean to stand,
With a gallant British band—
And a fig for the world's opinions!

(Chorus.)

Then bear away for Cyprus.
Three cheers, my lads, for Cyprus!
Hurrah for the Isle of Cyprus!
Queen of the Syrian Sea!

And we come not as a foe,
Who has conquered and laid low;
But we come as a friend when wanted,
Glad to guard their eastern shore
From the squalls that are in store,
Let them blow where our banner's planted.
Then bear away, &c.

Then we'll rally round the Turk—
For he's not the one to shirk
When the field is fair for fighting:
But though he's not afraid,
He'll be glad of British aid,
Whene'er there's a wrong needs righting.
Then bear away, &c.

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LEWIS NOVRA.

WAIFS.

Mdlle Anna de Belocca leaves to-day for Paris. Mr Gye has re-engaged her for the whole of next season.

Mdlle Sanz has recovered from her accident.

Mdlle Zaré Thalberg has returned to Barcelona.

Signor Campanini has left London for the Continent.

Signor Mancinelli (of Rome) has been stopping in Milan.

Mdlle Ristori is about to make a professional tour in Spain.

The vocal rehearsals of Wagner's *Siegfried* have commenced at the Operahouse, Vienna.

Mdme Mallinger is engaged for the season 1878-79 at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended the second performance of *Semiramide* at the Royal Italian Opera.

Herr Diener, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, is announced to appear in eight of his leading parts at Wiesbaden.

Both the Pagliano, Florence, and the Argentina, Rome, inaugurate the coming season with *Salvator Rosa* of Gomez.

Herr L'Arronge, for a number of years manager of the Stadttheater, Cologne, died a short time since at Riehl, near the above city.

Sir Robert P. Stewart is to inaugurate the new organ built by Cavaille of Paris, for the New Municipal Hall, Manchester, on the 27th August.

Count Beust has dedicated a "Marriage Waltz" of his own composition to the King and Queen of Saxony, on the occasion of their Silver Wedding.

Herr Deppe, in recognition of his services as Director of the Silesian festival, has received from the King of Saxony the Albert's Order, First Class.

Miss Emma Thursby has gone to Paris. We are glad to say that the charming young American songstress returns to London for the autumn and winter.

It is said that Sig. Foli has abandoned the Scandinavian tour, and, although he has not yet signed, contemplates joining Mr Mapleson's operatic company in the United States.

Both Mdme Christine Nilsson and Mdme Adelina Patti make short tours in the country this autumn. Adelina plays twice in Dublin, Christine does not visit the Irish capital.

Mr Edward Newton has been promoted to the Bandmastership of the 1st Lancashire Militia, by Colonel Stanley, Minister of War, at the request of the Colonel and Officers of the regiment.

We learn from the Italian papers that Mdlle Lucia Bordogni, the young English *prima donna*, who made a most successful debut at Ivrea last Carnival, is engaged at the Royal Operahouse, Pordenone, to sing in *Lucia* and *Roberto Devereux*, during the autumn.

At the *conversazione* given in King's College, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, on Friday, July 12th, to welcome the American and Colonial Bishops attending the Lambeth Conference, the prominent feature of the evening was the performance of sacred music by an efficient choir, with the Misses Robertson as soloists. Professor Monk conducted.

Theatrical business at Pompeii, which has been at a standstill since the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., appears to be looking up, judging from the following announcement of Signor Luigni:—

"After a lapse of more than eighteen hundred years, the theatre of this city will be reopened with *La Figlia del Reggimento*. I solicit a continuance of the favour bestowed on my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martins, and beg to assure the public that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities displayed during his management."—*The Theatre*.

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